

FREE SOIL—FREE LABOR—FREE SPEECH.

SPEECH

OF

BENJAMIN F. WILKINS, OF VIRGINIA,

BEFORE THE

REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1860.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

Each one of us has cause for self-gratulation in the fact that at no period in the history of any organization has there existed a greater unity of purpose, a more fixed and concentrated design of action, than is to be found in the Republican party to-day. There are no divisions in our camp; no rival leaders, with diverse ends in view, mar the harmony of our proportions, and wage a fratricidal war for a mere abstraction. No, gentlemen, back to back, and breast to breast, armed with the sword of constitutional freedom, and protected from assault by the invulnerable armor of PRINCIPLE, we are indeed terrible as an army with banners to the sham Democrats of our land, who render the names of freedom and democracy a by-word and a reproach. I say we have reason to congratulate ourselves, gentlemen, upon our condition as a party. The knowledge that *their* party could boast of a union such as ours, would this night smooth the pillow of many an officeholder, and change his now frightful dreams to sweet visions, akin to those of the land which floweth with milk and honey.

It is no matter of wonder, gentlemen, that we are thus harmonized. In the history of nations, as well as of individuals, great necessities are by Providence furnished with appropriate means for their management; and to a nation

whose rulers had ignored the very foundation principles of its government, it is not strange that the Benign Disposer should raise up a force whose mission and destiny should be to purge the high places of corruption-mongers, and destroy the fangs of the treacherous serpents, who, with their slime, had defiled the places, which, for the honor and glory of our Revolutionary fathers, should have been held sacred for all time.

Such, gentlemen, I believe to be the mission and destiny of the Republican party. And I believe, also, that this mission will be crowned with a success as complete as the occasions demand.

It is not my desire or duty to expound the creed to you. If such were necessary, there are those you have heard before me, and may hear after me, who are competent to perform that duty. For myself, I am free to say that, as a Southern man, a native of Virginia, the entire sum of my political faith is contained in the words, FREE SOIL, FREE LABOR, and FREE SPEECH. Free Soil, because the theory of our institutions is, that all men are free and equal; Free Labor, because I do not wish the poor white man to be degraded to the level of a slave; Free Speech, for such should be man's inalienable birthright.

Why, Mr. President and gentlemen, does it not seem absurd—is it not, in fact, the height of absurdity—that the

people of the United States, who are daily harping upon the idea that they are the only free people upon the globe; a people to whom the arts and sciences are handmaidens, and to whom commerce brings its costliest and daintiest treasures; a people whom, these glorifiers aver, are blest with all the adjuncts of freedom, and are themselves sovereigns, while their rulers are but servants—is it not absurd, I say again, that *here* should be found the only land, among those classed as enlightened, which admits the idea of property in man, and *here* the only people who reduce this barbarous idea to practice? Why, gentlemen, we who boast of our freedom, and yet advocate slavery, are living and practicing a stupendous lie—a lie which, I fear, will recoil upon the doers with terrible force.

Without free labor, we become depressed. A man who does not believe in the dignity of labor is not fit to be a laborer. That is the position I take, though the reverse would at first thought seem the true one. They who think labor degrading, are in a condition which would admit of exaltation by that they deery. The foundation of what fame and greatness we possess as a nation may be found in our manufactures—the fruits of our labor. True, our Southern friends say, “COTTON IS KING;” and so they claim for the production of slave labor the glory that attaches to our name abroad. It is of no regard to them, that the inventive genius of free Yankee laborers has given to their boasted product the place it occupies in the commerce of the world. Without the invention of the cotton-gin and loom, our poorer classes to-day would have been just as able to purchase hand-made Irish linens as domestic muslins, for the price of these fabrics would be nearly equal. Besides, it is no presumption to say that the production of cotton by free labor would never depose that great staple from the regal eminence which its producers have assigned it.

But it is not so particularly to this branch of labor that I wish to call your attention, as to that by which men held

in slavery are taught mechanical trades, and are thereby brought directly into competition with the poor white mechanic. Working side by side; looked upon with the same feelings by the pompous slaveholder, who ordinarily has more respect for his slave than for the white-skinned co-worker; the poor man often degraded in his own mind by the association, and conscious of the estimation in which he is held, is he not forced by that stern necessity, which cannot be put back, or avoided, or controlled, to accept his destiny? And when we remember that Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, now a member of the United States Senate, has given to the world an estimate in which he puts down the cost of keeping a negro man at nineteen dollars for a whole year, is it not plain that the white laborer, beside being degraded in his person by association with the slave—beside a consciousness that he and his dusky fellow-mechanic are equals in all but the difference between the words “free” and “slave”—beside these disagreeable truths, which daily force themselves upon his mind, will yet be driven to labor for barely enough to keep him from starving? Gentlemen, we are a nation of workers. It behooves us to battle for the dignity and for the freedom of labor; which ends secured, we may, with some show of reason, claim the honors to which, till then, we have no shadow of a title.

Free speech should be considered man's inalienable birthright—freedom of expression of opinion upon political matters more especially. Does any one pretend to say that freedom of speech is not a myth in a large portion of what is called “this *free* and happy land?” Why, gentlemen, look at that map! An area of at least one-half our organized territory—sixteen sovereign States—where not only is freedom of speech strangled, but freedom of opinion even is forbidden! In this large territory, appropriately colored upon yonder map, a bare suspicion that a man looks with favor upon such doctrines as I have here expressed, and the rail, the exudation of their pine forests, and another mate-

rial which could be more charitably and christianly disposed in beds for the comfort of their chattels, are not only threatened, but brought into use; and the poor victim, who had labored under the delusion that Fourth of July orations were law and gospel, woke up too late to a knowledge that freedom, of whatever name, though forming an admirable text for buncombe orators, is not always revered in the greatest degree by those who are the most blatant in its behalf. And these men who sing psalms to the Union, and prate of constitutional equality; who sit in their church pews on Sundays, and cry "amen" to the prayers of their pastor for the oppressed of other nations, and subscribe liberally for the support of foreign missions—these men outrage the very name of liberty, live and practice, daily and hourly, a MONSTER FALSEHOOD, and cover with opprobrium a name which should have been devoted to purer purposes.

Ask yourselves the question, HAS POPULAR GOVERNMENT BEEN A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT? Have we in our career demonstrated to other nations that our Government is a success? Nay, has such a result been achieved as would satisfy us individually that we are at present what our fathers designed? On the contrary, are not our offices given, not to reward merit, but as a means to insure power to those who fill the high places? Frauds and corruption exist in the several Departments of our Government to an extent which shocks the moral sense to contemplate. In this connection, I am reminded of a transaction through the Navy Department, in relation to a contract for building certain machinery at the Philadelphia navy yard. The whole matter was sufficiently exposed by Mr. Hatton, of Tennessee, in the House of Representatives, in a speech, which I would like to see in more general circulation; but I cannot refrain from introducing it here.

A letter was directed to the President of the United States, by Mr. W. C. Patterson, of Philadelphia, a portion of which I will read:

"Their establishment (alluding to

that of Merrick & Sons) is the only one in the first district which employs a large number of mechanics. At this time there are three hundred and ninety; when in full work, four hundred and fifty. The managing partners (Mr. Merrick senior being absent in bad health) are full of energy, straining every nerve to keep their force during this depression; and so far as I know, are THE ONLY OLD WHIGS OF ANY INFLUENCE IN THAT DISTRICT WHO ARE IN FAVOR OF THE RE-ELECTION OF COLONEL FLORENCE. I know, from former experience, the value of that influence, and feel that it is the interest of THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY to increase it. The first district will, I hope, be carried in any event; BUT WITH THAT SHOP AT WORK FULL HANDED TWO WEEKS PRIOR TO THE ELECTION, THE RESULT, I think, WOULD BE PLACED BEYOND ALL DOUBT."

Yes, gentlemen, this letter was, in September, 1858, addressed to the President of the United States. What reply would Washington, or any of our earlier Presidents, have made to this degrading letter? Do you think either of them, to the time of and including John Quincy Adams, would for a moment have entertained the writer's proposition? Mr. Patterson degraded the Presidential office by writing and sending such a letter, and the President of the United States wilfully lent himself to the consideration of the base proposal. Instead of spurning the bribe—as it only was—he placed upon the back of it, with his own hand, the following endorsement, signed "J. B."

"The enclosed letter, from Colonel Patterson, of Philadelphia, IS SUBMITTED TO THE ATTENTION OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY."

With what degree of favor the document, thus favorably commended to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, was received by that officer, may be gathered from the sequel, which I will give to you in the words of Mr. Hatton,

while commenting on this transaction. That gentleman said :

“ *Who got the contract ? Merrick & Sons. WERE THEY THE LOWEST BIDDERS ? THEY WERE NOT. The Novelty Iron Works, the largest establishment of the kind in the United States, proposed to do the work for four thousand dollars less. WAS COLONEL FLORENCE ELECTED ? HE SITS ON MY LEFT HERE. Whether elected by Merrick & Sons, I am not certainly informed.* ”

There is another transaction in connection with the Navy Department, of which something might be said. During the Administration of Mr. Pierce, while the Pacific squadron was under the command of Commodore Mervine, Captain Edward B. Boutwell had charge of the ship John Adams, attached to that squadron. The John Adams was in the port of Valparaiso, and her commander was suffering from fever to such a degree as to render him unfit for service. He had received orders to proceed to sea ; and knowing that for him to do so in his then condition of health would imperil his life, he was forced to order upon himself what it was his right and duty under similar circumstances to order on any one under his command—a medical survey. The medical officer of his ship, and two other American physicians on Government duty at Valparaiso, after mature and proper consultation, decided that Captain Boutwell was unfit for service, and that his proper course would be to return home. The John Adams went to sea without him, and he proceeded in an English steamer to Panama, *en route* for New York. At Panama he reported his presence to Commodore Mervine, as well as his wish to proceed home, to which course Commodore Mervine gave his assent. Captain Boutwell was surprised to hear, soon after his arrival home, that he was about to be court-martialed, among other things, for desertion of his ship. Upon a full investigation, however, of all the facts involved, the Hon. James C. Dobbin, at that time Secre-

tary of the Navy, dismissed the case, thus deciding that, under the circumstances, Commander Boutwell could not have acted otherwise than he did. But mark you now. Upon the advent of a new Administration, when a new Secretary had been installed, when Mr. Dobbin was dead, and other witnesses whose testimony was necessary to the establishment of Capt. Boutwell's innocence were absent from the country, this case, which had been previously passed upon, was reopened, and upon no new evidence either. Commander Boutwell was tried by court-martial, under every disadvantage, and was found guilty, and dismissed from the navy. True, Mr. Buchanan, with a momentary feeling of humanity and justice—all the more to be admired for its infrequency—modified the sentence of the court to five years suspension upon half pay.

Now, in this case of high-handed injustice and wrong, what was the motive ? I will tell you. Captain Boutwell, after a continuous and an arduous service of forty years in the navy, had arrived at a high post. He was the oldest commander whose name appeared upon the navy register, and therefore entitled to the vacancy which might next occur in the grade of commodore. After long and patient and uncomplaining toil, he had within reach the prize which his best years had been spent to win, and here stepped in a high officer of the Government of the United States, to thwart him of his desert. And wherefore think you, gentlemen, this unrighteous warfare was waged ? The answer is as plain as the noonday sun. Immediately following the name of Commodore Boutwell upon the navy register, was that of a near relative of Mr. Senator Mason, of Virginia ! Do you not see how the milk came to be in the cocoanut ? Vacancies in our navy and army occur but seldom, and it so happened that just then a place was to be filled in the grade of commodore. The Administration was in need of friends in Congress. What was the right due to a simple individual like Commander Boutwell, when placed beside the acqui-

sition of a supporter so prominent in Congress as Mr. Senator Mason? Commander Boutwell had no friends in Congress. His neighbor on the list *had*; and so it was necessary that he should be a commodore. Gentlemen, if the recording angel ever drops a tear upon *that* damning story, it will not be one of pity, but of scorn and indignation, an ocean of which showered upon the characters, so far from blotting them out forever, would render them but the more distinct and lasting.

But such details are sickening, gentlemen. We may believe ourselves degraded and misruled, but we have no heart to ponder upon the humiliating record. For the honor of humanity, I would gladly believe that such things must have an end; I should impeach the justice of Heaven, did I think they would much longer be permitted.

With regard to the parties who oppose us in the pending contest, not much need be said. Of two of them—they who call themselves the Democracy—no worse need be observed than that their supporters are guilty of the acts to which I have here so briefly alluded. The principal charge against us is, that we are a sectional party; and in proof of this bald assertion we are told that in sixteen States the Republican candidate will not get a single vote. We are well aware that this is so; but it is surely no fault of ours. Remove the danger which threatens our sympathizers in the slave States—give to them that freedom of opinion which the deniers claim for themselves—and there would be no evidence in support of their assertion. But no; they do not wish to do this; it would deprive them of their only argument, and force upon them an alternative from which they instinctively shrink—that of telling the truth in political matters.

Really, I have no patience when I hear these men assert so triumphantly that the Republican party is a party of one idea—that idea “niggers,” as they are pleased to express it. Is the battle for the freedom of mankind, for the dignity of labor, for a protective tariff, for extended mail facilities, for free home-

steads for free men—is the great battle for these ends to be stigmatized as a struggle with “one idea” in view? And those who are loudest in such assertion are they whose only principle—if it be not too dignified a word to apply in such a connection—is, that the slaveholder has a right to carry his property anywhere. If there existed in their minds the slightest shade of reason, the fallacy of *their* “one idea” would appear to their minds by the consideration of the institution of polygamy in Utah. Would any inhabitant of that Territory, happy in the possession of a dozen wives, be allowed to take them into one of our Southern States? I need not answer the question. And yet they demand for themselves what they deny to others, and cry down an institution or state of society which can be as well justified, is more deserving the title “patriarchal,” and which is supported by as much of Scripture authority, as their barbarous system. Let them accuse us, if they will. Suppose we accept their description, and admit that we are a “one idea” party. Will not *our* solitary idea stand in as favorable a light before the eyes of all good men as theirs? There can be but one opinion upon that point.

The New York *Tribune*, in an editorial, a few days since, very truthfully observed that Mr. Douglas ruined the Democratic party by making it a present of a principle; that without a single opinion it might have been happy and prosperous, but the moment it attempted to adopt a creed, it was crushed. In other words, Mr. Douglas gave the Democratic party something to “go upon;” and it *has* gone—with a vengeance! If the Goddess of Liberty has not lost any of her vigilance in these days of corruption, that same party will continue to “go on,” and will go to such a distance that we may be sure it will “return to us no more forever.”

Many speculations obtain among men of all parties as to the result of the election. I do not think any sane man really believes there is the slightest chance of the success of either Douglas or Breckin-

ridge, and the most enthusiastic of Bell's supporters find their greatest consolation in the possibility of the election being thrown into the House of Representatives. I think speculations of that description have no solid basis. To my mind, it appears perfectly plain that every State which voted for Fremont four years ago will support Mr. Lincoln now, and that to these may be added Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, which will be sufficient to elect him. I cannot believe that a State once Republican in sentiment will ever change, because that sentiment is the normal condition of freemen. Certainly no such event has yet come to our knowledge; and many will be the days before such an anomaly will transpire. The Republican sentiment is a living, growing one. It is suited to the wants and the necessities of the people; and no success will pall its exertions, no defeat dishearten its sympathizers.

A remark was lately made in my hearing, by a political opponent, that if Mr. Lincoln failed in this election, the Republican party would never recover—it would never be heard from again. The same prediction was made at the last election. The time gives that prediction the lie. If it should happen that this contest *does* result as the last—of which I have not the slightest fear—four years hence will find us in the field again, fighting with the same energy as now. Gentlemen, I believe it is a slander upon our institutions, and an impeachment upon the honesty of the framers of our Government, to say that the Republican party will ever die. The time may arrive, when, its present ends attained, no need may exist for it as an organization; but the *sentiment* will live and work so long as free institutions last. It is as true as that you sit there, and that I stand here, Mr. President, that the principles of the Republican party, and the names of the noble founders of that party, who are manfully battling for the supremacy of those principles, amid persecutions and taunts, and obloquy even in some quarters, will live and flourish, “far on in summers that we

shall not see;” and that, under the administration of wise and patriotic men, our country will become in reality what it is now in theory—the greatest upon the earth, and the model upon which all other popular Governments will be framed. Some of those now within the sound of my voice may live to see that time. At all events, it will not be long delayed.

Yes, gentlemen, the Republican sentiment is destined to grow. You cannot check it. Only the other day, I remarked this to a friend, and said that the soil was in readiness, and that the Republican tree was planted; that its growth *could not* be retarded. To which he laughingly replied, that much guano would be required. “Yes,” I said, “and that you who oppose us are furnishing daily. A large shovel full was furnished at Occoquan a short time since.” Yes, gentlemen, that is guano to the Republican tree. And every instance of a man being persecuted and outraged in the slave States, for daring to own an opinion similar to those of his revolutionary fathers, are so many applications of this fertilizing principle. The leaders in such demonstrations would do well to remember that the “blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church;” and that from the dragons’ teeth which they are now sowing there may arise bands of armed men, who, if their regard for right and justice will not permit them to “commend the ingredients of the poisoned chalice” to the lips of the spoilers, or remind them that “desperate means return to plague the inventors,” will yet bring with them the lesson that there is a point beyond which these outrages against justice and humanity cannot proceed.

A word, in closing, as to the state of the political parties now before the people for their suffrages.

Democracy—a word which it is to be regretted has lost its earlier and proper signification—is now but a name; and the party which under that denomination once challenged the envy of political opponents for the oneness of its action, has lost its back-bone. The people no longer rally to the cry of “De-

mocracy and Liberty," for they have learned the falsehood which the words contain. Disheartened, disbanded, led by rival factionists, that party is no longer to be feared. The Democratic party now stands, like a blasted tree upon a barren heath; and not all the dews of heaven can give it freshness. It has served its purpose. If it has done nothing else, its mission here among us has demonstrated that the lengths to which corruption and misrule can go are alarming—just as physical and domestic afflictions teach us the strength of our powers of endurance.

And that organization which is pleased to denominate itself, par excellence, the "Constitutional Union party!" Has it come to this, that of all the parties which we hear of, not one takes the Constitution for its guide but this fossil association? I feel that it would be an insult to the good sense of the people to say, "Here! we are a party who go for the Constitution!" The masses can think, and do reason, and with some few exceptions, possibly, are as capable of determining who are the upholders of the Constitution as are their self-appointed leaders. To say to the people, "We are for the Constitution," is as appropriate, and as much called for, as was the explanation affixed to the entrance of a country tavern I once saw, to wit: "Here is the door!" though all the search I was enabled to devote to the premises failed to discover *another* door, by which the anxious traveller could

gain admission to the premises. And we know, Mr. President and gentlemen, "though it be not written down" in their platform, that this Constitutional Union party is but the galvanized corpse of what was in its day and generation a noble organization—the old Whig party; and all the money and all the prayers which its supporters may expend upon it now will avail no result save a few spasmodic kicks. The Whig party did its duty in its time; let it sleep quietly with the GREAT LEADER who was its life and embodiment. It is my firm belief, as an earnest and ardent admirer—as a lover, I may say—of Henry Clay, that had his life been spared till now, he would be found in the front ranks of the Republican party.

Wherever we look, then, gentlemen, we see good cause for hope and belief in our success. But should it be our misfortune to be defeated, we will bear our fate manfully and bravely; spare no effort, omit no duty, and at all times and places, and on all occasions, lose no opportunity of advocating our cause. The solution of the problem of the capacity of man for self-government rests in the power of the Republican party to-day. Let us each and all do what we can to answer the question affirmatively.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the courtesy and kindness you have displayed toward me during the delivery of these uninteresting remarks, I will trespass upon you no further.

From the New York Tribune of August 11, 1860.

WHAT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY HAVE DONE.

A correspondent at Delphi, Indiana, states that Mr. Hendricks, the Democratic candidate for Governor of that State, recently made a speech there, in which he challenged any hearer to name one good act which the Republican party in Congress had either done or attempted; and that his auditors—probably struck dumb with amazement at his impudence—made no response whatever. How is it possible—if there were even one Republican present who is not tongue-tied—that he should have failed to thunder out, "THE HOMESTEAD BILL!"

Let us give a more circumstantial, yet condensed, reply to Mr. Hendricks's challenge!

I. The Republicans in Congress have originated and carried through both Houses a bill providing, by liberal grants of public lands to the several States, for MANUAL LABOR SEMINARIES in every State—that is, for seminaries in which the teaching of the natural and physical sciences, with the application of their fruitful truths to agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanic arts, shall be systematically taught. This measure, fairly carried into effect, would have

been worth more to the country than all that the Democratic party ever devised or dreamed of. It was temporarily crushed by the veto of a Democratic President.

II. They have originated, matured, and carried through the House, a bill providing for a DAILY OVERLAND MAIL TO CALIFORNIA—a measure which would reduce by at least ten days the average time consumed in the transportation of letters from the Western States to the Pacific coast, render emigration and travel across the plains secure and comparatively easy, accelerate the settlement and cultivation of the Far West, and bring the Rocky Mountain and Carson Valley gold regions within half their present practical distance from the Mississippi valley, reducing the cost of subsistence therein by at least a third, and of postal communication therewith by three-fourths. This great measure of beneficence and national progress—the necessary forerunner of the Pacific railroad—having triumphantly passed the House, was stifled in the Senate by a wily, treacherous Democratic intrigue, whereof the great mail steamer monopoly enjoys the benefit, and probably paid the cost.

III. The Republicans in the present House originated and passed a MILEAGE REFORM BILL, whereby the present exorbitant and elastic allowance of *forty* cents for every mile traversed, or alleged to have been traversed, by each member in proceeding “by the usually travelled route” from his home to Washington at the beginning of each session, and returning thence to said home at its close, is reduced to *ten* cents per mile, calculated by a bee line from his home to Washington. By this reform, the members from California, Oregon, and Washington, who now receive about \$17,000 each for their attendance on the sittings of each Congress, would be cut down to between \$7,000 and \$8,000, which would still be a liberal recompense. When the bill passed increasing the annual compensation of members from \$8 per day to \$3,000 per annum, we were assured that this reduction and equalization of mileage would be one of its inevitable consequences; yet four years have since elapsed without any redemption of that promise, and at length the bill to redeem it, originated in a Republican Committee of Ways and Means, and passed by a predominantly Republican House, is throttled and killed in a Democratic Senate. This measure would not merely diminish the annual expenses of the Government by a heavy amount; it would replace inequality and wrong by justice and equity. Republicanism devised and carried it through one House; Democracy strangled it in the other.

IV. The present Republican House framed and passed—only two Republicans dissenting—a PROTECTIVE TARIFF BILL, which, had it not been likewise stifled by the Democratic majority in the Senate, would have stopped the incurring of mercantile debt in Europe for fabrics that we might and should produce at home; stopped the continual exportation of our specie at the rate of

fifty to one hundred millions per annum; stopped the congregation of idle and needy laborers in our cities each winter, stopped the continual loss of the most valuable elements of our richer soils, now carried away annually in the form of wheat, flour, corn, meat, &c., never to return; stopped the accumulation of our public debt, and the mean shuffling with Federal shinplasters to avoid the appearance, while clinging to the reality, of incurring such debt; stopped our discreditable begging and wheedling of European capitalists and bankers for the means wherewith to build our own railroads, and given an immense and lasting impetus to the development of the industrial and mineral resources of the whole country. Every Republican in the Senate voted to take up this bill with intent to pass it; but Democracy said no, and it lies dead on the table of the Senate. And for that, Mr. Hendricks, your party has just received a lesson in St. Louis, and will soon hear thunder from Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

V. But, not to make too long a catalogue, the Republican party alone stands committed, by pledge and deed, to the policy of allotting the public lands for a nominal price to actual settlers only, so as to render them the FREE HOMES of an intelligent and independent yeomanry. No other national platform but theirs ever asserted the beneficent principle of FREE HOMESTEADS; no other party but the Republican ever reported and carried through Congress a free homestead bill. Their bill was radical, comprehensive, thorough; all the Republicans in both Houses supported it; but when the Democratic majority in the Senate rejected this, and insisted on passing a half-way measure instead, the Republicans, after struggling desperately for a whole measure, consented, in view of the exposed and needy condition of the squatters of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, &c., to accept the Senate's half measure temporarily, rather than get nothing. That half-way measure, though it had passed both Houses with scarcely a dissenting vote, your Democratic President vetoed, and the Democratic Senate refused to pass it over his veto. So we must await the inauguration of a Republican President to give life to a thorough, beneficent homestead act.

Freemen of America! such are the leading practical measures of the Republican party, aside from those directly related to slavery. Throughout all the late session, the Republicans were pressing the passage of these and kindred bills, while the Democracy insisted on spending month after month in sterile speech-making on abstractions connected with slavery and negroes. John Brown's raid, Helper's book, Douglas's new sedition act, Jeff. Davis's and A. G. Brown's resolves asserting the right and duty of Congressional protection for slavery in the Territories—such were the topics persistently interposed by the Democracy to waste time, make party capital, and prevent practical legislation. Judge ye between them!

